

THE LIGUORIAN

December



1932

IN THIS ISSUE

BEFRIENDING THE DYING.....	C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.
PRIEST'S CHRISTMAS (Story).....	D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.
GATHERED AT DAWN.....	P. J. Etzig, C.Ss.R.
WHY ALL THESE LAWS?.....	F. E. Bieter, C.Ss.R.
THE APOSTLE OF THE LEOPERS.....	N. Govers, C.Ss.R.
FOR AND AGAINST.....	B. A. Connelly, C.Ss.R.
TWO HUNDRED YEARS (Poem).....	Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Catholic Anecdotes — Book Reviews — Lucid Intervals — Catholic Events — Liguorianana

Pointed Paragraphs: Advent — Peace on Earth — A Broadening Education — Articulate Laymen

REDEMPTORIST FATHERS
BOX A, OCONOMOWOC, WISCONSIN

Per Year, \$1.00

Canada and Foreign, \$1.25

Single Copies, 10¢

CHRISTMAS

Let this page of the LIGUORIAN bring to all whose eyes will fall upon it the sincere and prayerful wish of the editors that theirs will be a holy and a happy Christmas.

The bond that unites us to our readers, whoever or wherever they may be, is a personal, intimate bond; it grows out of our endeavor to know them — to know their problems and needs and wants — and out of our desire to solve the problems and fulfill some of the wants and needs.

This bond then carries us beyond the task of publishing a monthly magazine. It bids us hold in remembrance those few or many who read what we write for them; it bids us extend to them our Christmas greetings and to promise them our prayers.

May peace find a home in their hearts on Christmas day.

For the convenience of those who may wish to give "THE LIGUORIAN" to a friend or relative as a Christmas gift, we are inserting in this issue subscription blanks.

On the receipt of filled-out blanks we shall at once send to the persons designated a copy of the December LIGUORIAN, and a notice that through a friend's Christmas remembrance they will receive "THE LIGUORIAN" for one year.

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THE LIGUORIAN
One Dollar per Year. (Canada and Foreign, \$1.25)

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XX.

DECEMBER, 1932

No. 12

Two Hundred Years *(For the Redemptorist Bicentenary)*

As draws the tide from out the deep
To rest its ripples on the shore;
Let Time an instant vigil keep,
And count the hours that come no more.

While hallowed memories part the veil,
And sacred Scala moment gleams;
The little band that shall prevail
Beyond the hope of fairest dreams.

Two hundred years, and we behold
The Alphonsian Banner floating wide,
Wherever Christ's fond love is told,
From tropic strand to Arctic side.

Oh fragrant past so fraught with pain!
All fair with flowers of destiny,
And blessed hope that shall remain
To countless souls eternally.

Be ours the spirit of these years,
With grace to cull the blossoms rare;
Their legacy of hopes and fears,
And humble faith their crown to share.

Oh great Alphonsus be our guide!
Thy flaming zeal in us renew,
That in its fulness we abide
Amid Thy sons so brave and true.

Then we who live this golden hour
With grateful hearts our thoughts may raise
To God the source of light and power,
And sing a mighty hymn of praise.

— *Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.*

Father Tim Casey

BEFRIENDING THE DYING

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

When Father Casey came back to the rectory after his late Mass, he found two notable visitors, Alexander Webb and his daughter Doris, known, since her marriage, as Mrs. Allen Sydenham.

"It's about Allen," Webb explained. "He is not getting any better."

"You mean—is there any—is it serious?"

"Doctor Strawn told Doris last night that he cannot get well."

The priest turned to Mrs. Sydenham. "Doris, I will not try to tell you how sorry I am. I know you understand. It is doubly hard to lose your wonderful young husband so early in life, just when a great career is opening up before him."

"Why does God do it? Why does God take him? That's what I can't understand." She dashed away angry, rebellious tears,—"just when I was beginning to have a place in the world. Haven't I a right to some of the joys of life?"

"My child, when you are as old as your father and I, you will understand better how much bitterness and disillusion is hidden under those joys; you will not be so solicitous about them. Your husband's case is different. In a few days the all-important question will be decided, whether or not he is to have the joys of the next world for all eternity. We must lay aside all minor matters and think of him."

The young woman caught the implied rebuke. She loved her husband and grieved sorely for his sake, but she was honest enough to admit that she grieved even more for her own sake, for the wealth and pleasure which she so keenly enjoyed, but which she would lose when she lost her husband, whose possessions consisted more in prospects than in reality. In dealing with anybody else she would have dissimulated these feelings, but she did not even try to hide them from her pastor.

"Allen can go to Confession," she said, "and his case is taken care of, in fact, that is what we came here for. But my case is hopeless. I lose as dear and true a husband as ever lived; I lose my beautiful home and all my goods; I lose my place in society. Other women go on enjoying themselves without a worry in the world, while my life is ruined. It isn't fair. God isn't just."

The poor little worlding was too much exasperated over the tumble of her house of cards to know that she had uttered a blasphemy. Father Casey ignored it.

"Yes, Allen can go to Confession, and his case is taken care of—provided, of course, it is a good Confession, and provided, after making it, he has the grace to persevere and die in God's friendship. Even then there might be a long purgatory where one hour contains sufferings a thousand times greater than yours. The little time that remains to him in this life is of immeasurable value; we must help him to use it prudently and well. Have you told him his condition is serious?"

"Oh, no! We would not do that," cried Doris. "We keep him cheered up with the thought that he will soon be well."

"He is so thoroughly convinced of it," Webb added, "that he is counting on going down to the office next Thursday for the deciding conference on a deal he has been working on all winter. It was pathetic to hear him dictating that letter to his stenographer. It is with the Consolidated—the biggest thing Sydenham ever tackled. If he were in his regular form, I actually believe he would put it across. That boy is a wonder. But I am afraid he will never swing another deal."

"Yes, Mr. Webb, one more," the priest corrected gently, "the deal that will decide his condition for eternity. We must help him with it. I will go and have a little talk with him and gradually lead up to the point where I can let him know the state he is in. Then I will give him the last sacraments and — "

"You don't mean you will tell Allen he is going to die!" cried Doris in alarm.

"I shall let him know he is a very sick man, that he must get ready so that, if the worst should come, his soul will be prepared to meet its Maker. Do not worry, Doris, I shall find a way without giving him too great a shock. You know I am an old hand at this."

"No, no, no, you must not—you must not tell him he is in danger of death."

"Do you want your own husband to die without the sacraments?"

"But he must not be frightened. It would be so terrible. He does not imagine for a moment that there is any danger of death. Oh, he could not stand it!"

"Doctor Strawn holds out no hope?" the priest inquired.

"He says he has tried everything—consulted with the best specialists

—all to no use. Allen will go into a coma within the next few days, and—and—never come out of it." She dropped her head on the table and shook with sobs.

"That is why Doctor Strawn told Doris," her father explained. "There might be important matters to attend to. He thought she ought to know the truth."

"There is an important matter—a supremely important matter, the salvation of his immortal soul. It must be attended to without delay."

"Yes, Father, please," the young wife urged through her tears. Poor child, though the light of faith had never for a moment ceased to shine within her soul, worldly pleasures, worldly maxims, and worldly ambitions had dimmed and sometimes distorted it. Torn by conflicting emotions, she scarcely knew what to say. "Save his soul, save his soul. But do not say anything about death. Oh, Allen wants to live."

"I cannot save his soul. He, and he alone can, with God's grace, do that. I can help. I can urge him to think of his soul—to repent of his sins—to resolve to put the affairs of eternity ahead of those of time—to receive the sacraments worthily—to love God with his whole heart."

"Yes, yes. Do that. Just as you would with anybody, not as though there were any urgency in his particular case."

"And he will answer me as he did last Easter when I was trying to induce him to go to his duties. 'Don't you worry, Father Casey,' he said. 'When I get to be as old as Papa Webb, I'll be the model pious man of the parish. But not just now. Business competition is too keen. Confession cramps my style.' "

"Papa Webb" did not fancy this allusion to himself. It sounded too much as though a man of his age should be thinking of death—and death, why, death was still a long, long way off.

"But you can talk him into going to Confession now," urged Doris. "Tell him to do it now while he is resting, so he won't have to bother about it after he gets up."

"And what about Extreme Unction?"

"It would shock him too much. He would know his case is serious. Wait with Extreme Unction until he is unconscious. I will send you word right away."

"Mrs. Sydenham, if you were plotting against your worst enemy,

you could not make a more diabolical suggestion. I thought you loved your husband."

"Oh, I do—I do love him."

"Then, how can you be so cruel?"

"I am not cruel; I want to spare him a shock."

"Rather than give him a momentary shock, you prefer to leave him in great danger of burning in hell for all eternity. Today, you will not let me prepare him for death. A week from today he may be feeling the first frightful tortures of that prison of fire, that dungeon of despair, from which he can never escape—never, throughout the endless ages of eternity. Then he will curse the wife that stood between him and repentance in his last hours on earth. And you say you love him."

"I want him to make his Confession; I want him to receive Extreme Unction, only—"

"You suggest that I tell him to make his Confession now while he is resting so that he need not bother about it after he gets up. Here is a man so completely wrapped up in the affairs of this world that he has not even made his Easter duty. I am to say: Make your Confession now while you are resting, then you need not bother about it after you get up. To him, that would be the same as saying: You need not have the unshaken determination of performing your Christian duties for the future—you need not be genuinely sorry for every sin of the past—you need not give up your idolatry of the things of the world, your pagan maxims, your sharp practices in business—just go through the formality of a confession. And so you would have him make an invalid Confession, then pass into coma and, from coma, pass before the judgment seat of God with his soul uncleansed and his sins un forgiven."

"What about Extreme Unction," inquired Webb, "doesn't it take away one's sins?"

"Not Extreme Unction, not all the sacraments together can take away one's sins unless he is truly and sincerely sorry he committed them and firmly resolved, with God's help, not to commit them again."

"But to give him the last sacraments while he is still conscious, the shock would kill him."

"Doris, the last sacraments have been given to hundreds of millions, and nobody has ever yet been killed by them. On the contrary, many have been restored to health. In all my priestly experience I have never

seen anybody the worse for receiving the last sacraments, almost always they are better, especially if they receive them while their mind is still clear and their faculties alert."

"I don't doubt, that," said Webb; "when a man knows he has got his accounts all squared up with God, he is bound to feel a whole lot better, even physically."

"And remember too that Extreme Unction, by its very nature, helps to cure the body when that is good for the soul."

"Now, Father Tim, did you yourself ever see a case where Extreme Unction helped a sick man to get well?"

"I have seen many cases where the *timely* reception of Extreme Unction helped a sick man to get well, but never when it was put off until the sick man was practically in his death agony."

"I see, I see," said Webb. "There are no solid reasons for thinking that my son-in-law will suffer any bad effects physically from being told to get ready for death and receive the last sacraments. But, for one who has thought so little about death as Allen Sydenham, it is surely going to be a painful surprise."

"A painful surprise, yes; but less painful than to find himself suddenly face to face with his Judge, without having been prepared in the least for this dread meeting. The shock now would be beneficial; the shock then would be too late."

Poor Mrs. Sydenham sat mute, crushed, undecided, while her father plied the priest with questions. Evidently he was thinking, not only of Allen Sydenham, but also of his own chances for a good death and a merciful judgment.

"But, Father Tim, why do you keep insisting that a fellow will die a better death if you scare the gizzard out of him first?"

"Mr. Webb, do you suppose there are many sinful Catholics who fully intend to die in sin and be lost?"

"Why, no, I do not think so. Most of them intend to square up later on."

"If they suddenly realize there is not going to be any 'later on'—that another forty-eight hours or so is all they have in which to decide their eternity—that it is now or never, don't you think many a one would get down to serious business and put his accounts in order?"

"I know I would."

"Then the greatest kindness your dear ones can show is to tell you when death is near."

"I surely want to have a chance to make good."

"Let me tell you another thing. The negligent Catholic is not the only one that needs a true friend to tell him he is dying. The frequent communicant needs such a friend too. For sometimes the frequent communicant is making bad Confessions, living in sacrilege. He keeps telling himself: some day I am going to straighten this out, make a good general Confession and get back in the grace of God. But he keeps putting it off, putting it off. And perhaps nothing will ever give him the strength and courage to break the bonds forged about his soul—nothing except the knowledge that he is face to face with death. What criminal cruelty if you, through false pity, deprive him of this last chance of salvation!"

"I guess we all need a stick of moral dynamite to jar us loose from the things of this world before we can say, my God, I love you, and really mean it."

"That is exactly why sinners can't quit sin; the things of this world have too strong an attraction for them. But when they know the things of this world are about to quit them forever, they will more easily renounce the things of this world. Then they can give their attention to God and their soul. And it will be serious attention, not a mere farce."

"That's a fact. Now Sydenham insists on making engagements with business friends that the poor fellow will never keep, while he ought to be making engagements with friends up above. He will need them badly and need them soon."

"Then too," said the priest, "there is a divine law obliging everybody to receive Viaticum when in danger of death. If we allow Allen to go thus into coma, that divine law will be violated. We shall be responsible, and he will be deprived of the help Viaticum gives to a dying man. The dying are also obliged by the divine law to make acts of faith, hope, and charity. This is another law they cannot keep unless their attendants help them to do so.

"We cannot know," Father Casey went on, "what happens when one is dying. There may be moments of consciousness. The bystanders perceive nothing, but reason may flash out clear and distinct for a few brief moments, just as a candle flares up before it is extinguished. The

sinner sees: I am dying. Without warning, without preparation, he suddenly sees: I am dying. How great the danger of despair. The devil will be there, engaged in a last frantic effort to gain that soul. He will make the most of this opportunity to cause the sinner to die in despair and thus be certainly lost. Lord, deliver us from the cruel friends who would hide from us the fact that we are in danger of death. May He rather give us true friends in that hour of supreme need. Then we shall make our last Confession and Communion with the full realization that they are the last and therefore with excellent dispositions. We shall see the goods of this world slipping away from us, and we shall be able to renounce them and give ourselves entirely to the Creator instead of to the creature. We shall accept death in loving conformity with God's will and in humble satisfaction for our sins. This is the most excellent act a dying man can make. We shall receive, with conscious gratitude and appreciation all the blessings and indulgences of the Church. The last words on our dying lips, the last whisper in our dying ear will be: Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, help me in my last agony. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may my soul pass away in peace with you."

COURAGE

During the Spanish revolution of over a year ago, a mob presented itself before a monastery-palace a few miles outside of Madrid. The palace contained a library of over 40,000 volumes. The mob was prepared with oil and fuel to burn it to the ground.

Not a soldier or civil guard was in town at the time. But one Dr. Malley, an Irish scholar, was quietly studying in the library when the noise and tumult of the rioters announced their intention. He grasped a huge stick and went to meet them.

Standing on the steps of the building he harangued the mob and brandished his club over the heads of the leaders.

"There are thousands of priceless volumes in this building," he shouted, "and I am going to protect them. If you want to set fire to the library you shall do so over my dead body."

His courage won the day. Murmurs of applause were heard from members of the mob. Then they dispersed.

A day of homage to Dr. Malley has been declared in Madrid by Catholic and literary organizations.

Priest's Christmas

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

The young assistant priest at St. Kevin's had prepared his sermon well. It was an honor to preach at the Midnight Mass on Christmas. Usually the old Pastor had commandeered the honor for himself; this year he had a cold and had assigned the task to the assistant. The latter had worried about it. There would be a crowd there—larger than he had ever addressed before. Many would be standing—he must not be too long. Some would be in Church who were seldom there; he must try to bring them around. Non-Catholics would be there—he wondered if he could give them something to think about. The poor would be there and the rich; all must be made to see the meaning of Christmas.

So he had toiled and labored over a manuscript for many days, till at last, with many erasings and replacings, he had down on paper something of what he wanted to say. He typed it out neatly. It seemed woefully inadequate as he read it over. He placed a few notes in the margin; made a few corrections between the lines. Even then the result seemed unsatisfactory. He wanted to tear the thing up and start all over. But it was too late. It was the day before Christmas. He must be in the confessional for hours. He must learn this or have nothing. He set to work . . .

The Church was indeed crowded. The doors had been opened at 11 o'clock and by 11:30 nearly all the seats had been taken. The ushers rushed to and fro frantically trying to find and fill the few empty places. Late-comers squeezed into the vestibule and clustered about the doors.

The Solemn Mass was preceded by the singing of hymns by the vested choristers of St. Kevin's. The ancient Christmas carols rang out with their eternal freshness and appeal. During the singing the Church was only dimly lighted. All eyes were focused on the crib—banked against a forest of pine. Mingled red and blue lights played upon the features of Mary and Joseph and Jesus.

Then all the lights went up; the Mass began. The Pastor was celebrant; no cold could rob him of that privilege. The assistant was deacon; a seminarian had been brought in to be sub-deacon. The altar-boys wore creamy white cassocks with broad red cinctures and lace surplices. The flowers on the altar and the gold of the vestments added more splendor to the inspiring liturgy of Christmas.

The Kyrie and Gloria had been sung. At the Gospel the young assistant's voice wavered at the words: Et verbum caro factum est. The fullness of the mystery he was helping to celebrate seemed to come home to him suddenly. Then at the sedelia he doffed chasuble and maniple. The old Pastor stood beside him—assisting. Turning to genuflect before ascending into the pulpit, he heard the Pastor whisper:

"God bless you, boy."

The words touched him—added to the emotion that already filled his heart. The Epistle and Gospel read in English, he put down the book—looked out over the vast crowd—and began to preach.

"And the Word was made Flesh." . . .

* * *

A man sat almost beneath the pulpit and looked up into the eyes of the speaker. His look was patronizing. His "presence" was dominating in a subtle way. His clothing was just right. He was squeezed into the pew like the others, but something about him—half bored, half bland he was—seemed to say he was thinking that those "others" must be glad to be there.

He was an outstanding personage. "The richest man in the parish"—people whispered of him. He owned and ran the huge manufacturing plant that had given the city fame. "Yes, he is a Catholic," people usually added. He came to Church every Sunday—nearly. He only missed when there was a director's meeting—or when he had to go up north hunting or fishing for his "health." He never missed on Christmas.

Recently he had let out 300 employees from his plant. Things were bad. His own income had not yet dropped but soon would if economy measures were not introduced. The 300 employees were one of the measures.

His mind ran along with the speaker in patronizing commentary. ("A fine speaker, for a young lad. . . . His line is very appropriate for Christmas. . . . Sticks to religion, too. . . . Not like some of these priests—forever harping on business, labor, wages, etc. . . . Priests should stick to religion and let us stick to business—the two don't mix . . . I like this priest . . . have to invite him over to the house . . . Christmas dinner. It'll make a good impression.") The sermon ended.

* * *

Back about the middle of the Church an elderly woman held a place at the end of a pew. She was very small and thin. She was so pressed by the crowd in the pew that she had to lean out into the aisle. She was not well dressed. She was shabby. She clutched a Rosary in her hands. Her face told you: she had known trouble and care. She was the wife of one of the 300 men who had been "let out" by the "richest man in the parish."

She too listened to the sermon. It went down into her heart and transformed itself immediately into prayers. She looked up into the eyes of the priest but did not see him; she saw only the Christ-Child Whom his words revealed.

(“Dear Infant Jesus, help us who are poor like you . . . Bring us the peace the angels sang about when you were born . . . Help us not to envy those who have more than we . . . Help us to suffer everything gladly with you . . . If it be your will, give us just a little help in our need . . . The animals breathed their warmth on you—breathe the warmth of your love upon us who need you . . .”)

The sermon ended. Now the woman was conscious of the priest. She saw him emerging, as it were, from his sermon,—from the warmth of it—the light of it. He was one of God's spokesmen. He felt a great confidence in him. She would go to him—speak to him—he would help her—he would be like God. . . .

* * *

The Mass had ended. The people had gone tumultuously home. The young assistant had gone to bed almost immediately to snatch a few hours of sleep before beginning the long morning's work—three Masses—three more sermons—perhaps a few Confessions to be heard in between. . . .

At last his work was over. He was very tired and somehow—lonely. People came to Mass on Christmas in couples, in groups, in laughing crowds . . . The priest remained apart—alone. At the same time he had a headache from the long fast in the midst of activity and he felt the need of sleep.

He entered the rectory with a heavy step. The housekeeper met him almost at the door.

“Merry Christmas, Father,” she said. Then: “There are two persons to see you—one in each parlor. Have your breakfast first?”

“I'll see them now,” he said. . . .

"Merry Christmas, Father," said the man in the right hand parlor. It was "the richest man in the parish." The assistant knew him. He returned the greeting.

"Just dropped in to give you this," he handed him an envelope, "and to ask you over to the house for dinner tonight. Christmas dinner, you know. The wife wants you to come, too."

The priest was taken back. This should be "a big moment" in his life. "Get in with the rich," had been sort of a popular interpretation of the text "make friends of the mammon of iniquity." He was too tired to thrill much, but was grateful.

"Thank you," he said. "If I am free I'll try to come." There was a little more conversation, the man deftly complimenting the priest on his sermon at Midnight Mass. As he was leaving the assistant said:

"I'll call you this afternoon and let you know whether I can be with you this evening."

"Don't fail us," was the reply. . . .

Before entering the other parlor the assistant looked in the envelope that had been handed to him. It contained a check for twenty-five dollars, with a Christmas greeting. . . .

"Merry Christmas, Father."

A woman rose shyly to greet him as he entered the left hand parlor. She was motherly but worn looking. Her clothes were shabby. It was the woman who had known trouble and care.

The priest felt vaguely repelled. More sorrow—trouble—woe. Perhaps an appeal. And on Christmas day—when he was all tired out—before he had a chance to eat his breakfast. He greeted her and sat down.

It was a sad story. Her husband had been out of work for three weeks. The children were in need of so many things . . . Yet she did not come to complain about these things. "I heard your sermon, Father, at Midnight Mass, and I offered everything, everything—just as you asked." But—now her husband was sick. Idleness and the needs of the family had preyed on his mind and body. He was confined to his bed and today was worse. He almost seemed to be delirious—the way he talked. She didn't know what to do.

"I know there is no real danger, Father," she concluded. "I don't want to ask you to come to our place on Christmas—you're so tired after all your work. But I've been before the crib, and I thought if I

could ask you to come tomorrow—you could do something. You could tell him perhaps what you told me at Midnight Mass. It would do him a world of good."

She sat silent at last. Strange, strange irony of fate, thought the priest, that brought this woman to him after the man who had just left. Her husband had been one of the factory hands let out. What a picture of the world in its extremes these two persons gave. As a priest, he felt as though he had to choose between them.

"I'll try to come," he said. "Perhaps—perhaps this afternoon."

Luncheon at the rectory was over—a festive affair—at which the assistant, with no appetite after his fast, could only nibble. The Pastor told him he could have the afternoon and evening off if he pleased. He went over to the Church for a few moments and knelt before the crib. He tried hard to pray but felt he did not succeed very well.

He returned to the house. He wrestled with the task of making a decision. He could have an enjoyable evening—mingling with "fine people." He had deserved it. He had done his duty; he could put off the sick-call till the morrow. Or—he could do both—make the call and then keep the dinner engagement. No . . . he could not do that. It would be a desecration. He might go elsewhere for dinner. But if he went to see the husband of the woman who had called on him, he must reject the other invitation. The two things did not fit together. They were contradictory.

Twice he touched the receiver of the telephone and turned away. Then he took it up and called. His words were few. He was sorry; he could not go out to dinner. He had a sick-call and other work. He hoped they would have an enoyable Christmas dinner. . . .

* * *

It was dark when the young assistant of St. Kevin's knelt before the crib once more. The day was over. He had just returned from the house of the woman who had known trouble and care. He had seen her husband—a gaunt man, with a lined face and burning eyes. He had seen her children—ragged children, clutching few of the happinesses of childhood. He had had dinner with them—on the twenty-five dollars that had been given him. What remained of the money he had left with them. It belonged there, he said grimly—though they did not understand. . . . There were smiles when he left that had not been there when he came.

In the dark he knelt and prayed. Prayed to the Infant of the stable. Prayed for the rich who were banqueting even now. . . . And before he rose, he thanked God for the poor—that he might dedicate his life to them. . . .

MINUTES TO SPARE

No matter what you had on hand, you could spend five minutes:

To answer the telephone;
To read the morning paper;
To talk with a neighbor;
To run to the grocery;
To call up your dressmaker;
To dispute with the laundryman about a ten cent mistake;
To watch the new furniture unloading next door;
To chatter with a book-agent;
To re-read a trivial letter;
Or to write one.

* * *

It takes only five minutes:

To say a prayer for a suffering friend;
To read a chapter in the "Following of Christ;"
To stop and think of God's daily gift of mercy;
To remember the Cross;
To thank Our Blessed Mother for her care of us;
To make an act of faith, or hope, or love;
To whisper an "Our Father" or a "Hail Mary" for some one in need;
To say a decade of the Rosary;
To visit the little statue on your own mantelpiece and tell the Saviour in heaven how much you love Him;
To make a spiritual Communion.

* * *

Which is the better way to spend five minutes?

—*Selected.*

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—*Plato.*

For and Against

Comments on Social Problems

B. A. Connelly, C.Ss.R.

The presidential campaign recently concluded offers material for temperate scrutiny in review. It is not surprising, nor unusual, to find,

looking back, that the major part of the verbal outpourings of campaign "stumpers" lacked anything of a constructive or even genuinely intelligent nature to the harassed voter. It might even be said that more than any other

presidential campaign did this one fill the air with sheer vapidity, muddle-headedness, idle invective and aimless (except in a political sense) criticism.

There were, however, flashes of intelligence emanating from the campaign. There were moments when the voter was actually given knowledge and insight into the great problems of the day. We are inclined to agree with the summarizing of the *Commonweal*, which says:

"We should say that there were four addresses which an intelligent voter might be expected to get from men of presidential quality; Mr.

**Summary
of the
presidential
campaign** Roosevelt's speeches on agriculture and the railroads (two sound and well-formulated documents); Mr. Hoover's Cleveland address, which was that speaker's one estimable performance during the campaign; and Mr. Smith's Boston speech.

Apart from these there was little which can be termed either consistent or impressive though occasionally, as in Governor Ritchie's Indianapolis speech, or Senator Reed's tirade at Des Moines, there were moments of power. No, there was just one other great address, and in our opinion it was far and away the finest thing heard during the campaign. This was Senator Carter Glass' exposition of the financial situation, delivered in Washington on November 1. . . . He summoned to his assistance a thoroughly digested mass of evidence and a keenly directed power of logic which did more in one hour to convince an open-minded listener that Washington does occasionally know something about the nation's business than did all the rest of the oratory heard during the campaign."

* * *

The "Forgotten Man" slogan of Governor Roosevelt, so loudly touted by his followers about the time of the Democratic convention in Chicago, did not play the important part it was expected to in the later stages of the campaign. Perhaps it was the man" jibe of Al Smith, as found in the first issue of *The New Outlook*, that put the silencer on it. Smith said:

"We should stop talking about the Forgotten Man and about class distinctions. There is no other country in the world where individual initiative counts for so much, where opportunities to rise are so great, and where class prejudice is so unimportant. In no other country is there so little evidence of economic class hatred, so little encouragement to the communist, the Fascist, or the Junker and such responsible, far-sighted and loyal leadership of labor.

"Just now all of our people are in trouble. The old rich are the new poor. What is needed in the crisis of today is the united, co-operative effort of all good citizens of whatever class or creed to fight our way out of the bog of depression to the solid ground of good American enterprise and prosperity.

"The Forgotten Man is a myth and the sooner he disappears from the campaign the better it will be for the country."

There is a definite sense in which this denunciation is unwarranted and even unsound. It raises point-blank the question as to whether there is a Forgotten Man only to deny it; yet whether the Not a myth true explanation of the opposite answer be ascribed to Governor Roosevelt or not, it must be seen by every intelligent thinker. Yes, there is a Forgotten Man.

It is indeed true that all classes of the nation are in trouble today; it is true that the depression has made of the old rich the new poor. Yet it is naive to say that therefore we need make no distinction of classes when seeking a remedy for present economic conditions. Prescribing a remedy can only follow upon diagnosing the cause of the depression; that cause was simply and solely "the Forgotten Man."

* * *

The explanation has been indicated in this column before. Property had become more sacred than human personality. Property had become power, and had caught control of the machinery of government in order to strengthen its own position. The result was that *Man* was forgotten, except as a producer to be

Behind the depression

bled by the administrators of economic power; while government, impressed into the service of this modern tyranny, by legislation and jurisprudence forged into a chain of *public right* the enslaving decree that the administrators of economic power had no responsibility to the human dignity of the weak that they used and cast aside.

This Forgotten Man has become a *class*,—not by any mere designation of Mr. Roosevelt; nor indeed, does he cease to be by the bold denials of Mr. Smith,—but by the natural sifting process of the social forces at play. Common interests invaded; common needs jeopardized; common status of victimisation has thrown together millions of individual men, forgotten men—forgotten, as *men*, especially in that hateful name of *the masses*, to reassert in terms of humanity, that they are men, not chattels, free agents, not pawns, and that government and business, and the administration of human welfare must rewrite the character of human liberty in the words of Leo XIII.

"The richer population have many ways of protecting themselves, and stand less in need of help from the state; those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly rely upon the assistance of the state."

Hence

"Whenever the general interest or any particular class suffers, or is threatened with evils, which can in no other way be met, the public authority must step into meet them."

Again we hear the voice of Pius XI:

"When we speak of the reform of the social order it is principally the state we have in mind."

"I WAS THERE"

After one of his famous victorious battles Napoleon is said to have given to each of his soldiers a medal with the simple inscription: "I was there."

So God marks the soul of the man and woman who have been privileged to enter into the religion of Christ. They have been led to Calvary—have been washed in His Blood—have been enabled through Him to conquer the world.

On the last day—for joy or woe, they will bear the mark for all the world to read: "I was there."

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

XV.

Advent is for every Christian a time of suppressed joy and inexplicable anticipation. When living through these weeks of expectation, we become reminiscent and wonder what Advent must have meant to the mother of God. Her whole being must have been thrilled with anticipation and happiness, that made ecstasy a common occurrence, and her days a trail of sheltered glory. In the life of every Christian mother there is a similar maternal advent—a time when the future is hallowed by anticipation, and the present enriched by the consciousness of the marvellous privilege vouchsafed her—that she should be called and actually be a fellow worker in God's own domain of creation.

The glory and responsibility of this maternal advent was vividly realized by one of our modern mothers, who has written a charming little biography of the subject of her joy and anticipation. The name of the child is Marie-Clotilde, the name of the mother is never given, and the book is called "Reminiscences of a Mother."

MARIE-CLOTILDE 1908-1918

Marie was born in a little village along the Seine River on January 8, 1908. The baptism however, only took place some weeks later, February 13, due to the fact that the godfather selected could not attend earlier. This fact almost ended in a tragedy for a fire came near causing the loss of the child's life. The parents were so terrified at this, that they never again postponed Baptism.

The life of this child is an example of careful and well planned education on the part of the mother, using three elements that every mother can use: devotion to the Mother of God, instruction in the dogmas of the faith and above all, early and frequent Communion. Although the life of Marie was rather turned upside down and circumstances were at times most adverse, the child received a wonderful training. Repeated deaths in the family, frequent change of residence, the World War, the absence of the father of the family, the horrors of bombardment, the sorrows of separation and of exile—are some of the things that fill up the ten short years of her life.

EARLY LIFE

Early signs seemed to indicate that Marie would be a serious child, for the first smile came only after some time. That she was slow—"exasperatingly slow," as the mother puts it, is written large over these first years. Not that her talents were lacking or that she was indolent, but she had a deliberateness in action that marked her as different from her companions. In due time, the family was rejoiced by the arrival of Marie-Christine, or "Zinou" as Clotilde called her, and later when Clotilde was three years old, by a little boy whom they called Louis. The little fellow was very frail, so frail and small that Clotilde peeking into the crib declared that "He is as big as Jeannette" (her favorite doll). In fact, three days after, the little one was off to God, and was followed two months later by little "Zinou." Clotilde did not seem to realize the first, but showed some understanding of the second death. She loved to go with her mother to "the garden where little Jesus comes to play with Zinou and little Louis" as Mrs. N. taught Clotilde to regard the cemetery.

FORMATION OF CHARACTER

All through these first years, Mrs. N. realized the serious charge entrusted to her in the education of her child. The affection she had reserved for those taken from her, quite naturally sought its outlet upon her only remaining child. But she was careful not to allow this to interfere with the discipline that all education entails.

Clotilde's intellect proved to be precocious. She quickly learned the truths of faith which her pious grandmother used to tell her, and one of her first convictions was that "Little Jesus" was behind the golden door. This early leaning to piety was a great grace for the child, for she showed unmistakable signs of serious character defects. She had a very pronounced strain of selfishness, a tendency to obstinacy, and a more or less excusable pride. To this must be added, a preoccupation about trifles, which occasioned a rather irritating slowness not altogether free of malice. Although this all might indicate a rather stolid nature, she was excessively sensitive so that the least reprimand sank very deep and was very much dreaded. But the child with the help of grace and the tact of her mother corrected these defects of self love and self will, so that a few weeks before her death, she could say to her mother: "Mamma, I weep because I have caused you pain!"

CAMPAIGNS IN CHARACTER

Both parents knew that brusqueness would only seal up this fearful little soul. They impressed very gently but firmly upon Clotilde that they were representatives of God in their authority, and in this way built up the confidence of the child in them. Marie learned early that the cult of parents disposes to the cult of God. This education expressed itself later in some very naive expressions:

"When we please mamma and papa, we are sure to please the good God!" And again:

"O mamma, how I love you . . . For surely, you have never committed a sin." And thus came the proverb in this family:

"Everything that papa and mamma do or say, is good!"

A compromise in principle was never resorted to. One day, when Clotilde was three or four years old, the family was at table. The child had been taught to say "Please" when asking for anything. This day, Marie dispensed with the formula, and when reminded of it, lapsed into wilful silence. For three-quarters of an hour, both parents sought to break down her obstinacy. No menace was used, but only patience. One or two happenings of this kind proved sufficient to overcome the fault. Obedience cost Marie dearly, but she was given to understand that she must obey.

One of the forms of selfishness in Clotilde was a distaste for poverty in any shape or form. The misery of the poor was revolting to the child. To overcome this, Mrs. N. patiently showed the child how Christ was hidden beneath the rags and the squalor of the poor. So well did Marie learn the lesson that she used to give her lunch away. One day she met a child that had no shoes. Marie ran home to tell her mother about it.

"I told him to come here and ask you for shoes; you will give him a pair, won't you mamma?" And then and there she had to explain to the child that although they would like to help all the poor, yet their slender income forbade it. To make up for this inability, Marie should say a prayer for the poor people she met. This love for the poor became so strong in after life that the child once declared:

"I want to become a religious so as to be able to relieve the poor and the little children!"

THE KISS OF CHRIST

During the Lent of 1913, the Redemptorist Fathers gave a mission

in Marie's home town. One of the great events of the mission was to be the First Communion of the children. Mrs. N. was entrusted with conducting this affair because of her experience as a teacher. Almost by inspiration, she suggested to the Archpriest of the place the possibility of Marie's receiving Holy Communion. The yearning of the child for the Blessed Sacrament and the tears that used to well up in the eyes of Marie when she would gently threaten the child: "If you are not good you will not be able to make your Communion soon!"—these were the things that made the mother ask, and she was astonished at the pious priest's answer to the objection of youth: "Age is of little importance so long as she is sufficiently prepared." When later Mr. N. made respectful objection, the priest said quite decisively: "We take full responsibility; it would be criminal to withhold this child from Communion."

From this time on, she communicated about every two weeks, but from her seventh year she received almost daily. On New Year's Day she went with her mother to church and as they were making their thanksgiving, Marie plucked her mother by the mantle and whispered:

"Mamma, I have asked Little Jesus to go and wish a Happy New Year to grandfather, grandmother, to little Louis and Zinou who are in heaven." The charming naivete of the child!

THE CALL TO ARMS

Came the year 1914 and the Continent was aflame with war. Mr. N. was called to the colors. The fourth child, Joseph, then three years old, was entrusted to his grandmother, but Marie, then seven years old, was to accompany her mother. Their village was torn to pieces by the fierce bombardment and Mrs. N. with Marie fled to Paris and on to Lens, Frevent, and finally to Aubigny. Yet they were in imminent danger and had to seek safety in an underground cavern with about twenty others. Marie at first was pale with fright but soon became used to the detonations of the shells. During this time her character became very affectionate and her attachment to her mother very pronounced. She became more self determining whereas up to this time, her parents had to make almost all decisions for her. Her assistance at Mass and her reception of Holy Communion was almost daily despite the difficulties of the times. But at last she too had to be sent to her grandmother for safe keeping while Mrs. N. remained behind. Finally

Mrs. N. had to quit her impossible lodging, and joined her children once more.

In September of 1915 they travelled North to Boulogne where Mrs. N. took a position as teacher. Their manner of living continued to be one of very great privation, and Marie had to do without many of the comforts to which she was accustomed.

SPIRITUAL TRAITS

From 1916 on, Marie received Holy Communion daily. This meant that the child had to rise early so as to attend early Mass because her mother had to be in the classroom at 8:30. Marie became a little mother to her little brother "Jojo" and used to spend hours with him explaining to him the meaning of the pictures in the catechism.

Mrs. N. did all she could to excite the faith in her children. When returning from Mass in the morning, she would place the heads of the little ones against her breast and tell them about the Jesus she received that morning. In this way she taught them to embrace Jesus and speak to Him. Later on, Marie used to do the same thing in regard to Jojo.

Marie was always very reserved about her piety, and her mother feared lest it should become a matter of routine. In order to call her attention to this she one day asked the child:

"Does not little Jesus speak to you sometimes?"

"O yes," came the quick answer, "He has told me a little secret."

"And what is that little secret?" asked the mother.

"Mamma, I wish to become a religious!"

A few days before her death, she told her mother quietly:

"O yes, mamma, the Little Jesus has told me secrets several times; He does not speak as you do, Mamma, but I understand Him just the same."

But what these things were, her habitual reserve locked up within her heart.

Mrs. N. used each evening to bless the children by tracing a small sign of the cross on their foreheads as she tucked them in for the night. When the children had been naughty she would not trace this cross, but soon there would be tears and cries:

"Pardon, Mamma, I will never do it again. Make the little cross on me!"

But sometimes mother would not do it immediately so as to bring home the lesson of their disobedience. These little tots would then clamber down from their beds and steal close to mother as she sat

reading, and would not leave her alone till they had obtained the little cross. One evening, Mrs. N. came back to the bedroom to see if the children were asleep, but found them wide awake.

"Aren't you going to sleep?" she asked.

"No, mamma," came the reply, "you have not made the little cross."

At the end of all her letters, Mrs. N. placed a little cross which she kissed as she folded the letter. She taught Marie to kiss that cross as she read the letter because it was the symbol of redemption and because the kiss of mother and daughter was sanctified in this sign.

Sin seemed to be something unknown to her. One day she came home from catechism.

"Mamma," she said, "we were told in catechism today that there were some people who did sins wilfully." And as mother explained it to her, she was filled with astonishment at such a possibility.

"But, Mamma, when I commit sins, it is because I do not think of it; if I would think of it, I would never, never do it."

MADONNA FEATURES

Devotion to Our Blessed Mother was a family heritage. Mrs. N. early taught it to her little ones, and sought to impress a sense of intimacy upon them in regard to Our Lady. No wonder then that quite early, Marie could say:

"The Holy Virgin is the Mamma of the little children who are in heaven"—meaning especially Christine and Louis.

One day quite spontaneously the little one went to her mother and told her: "I love the Holy Virgin more than I do you. But tell me, Mamma, that does not pain you, does it?" The devotion of the rosary became her favorite devotion and even when she was nine years old, she recited it every day. One day Mrs. N. noticed that she had been playing all day with Jojo, and when evening came she called the little one and asked her:

"Did you say your rosary today?"

"Why yes, mamma," answered the little one, eyes wide with surprise; and when she saw the puzzled expression on mother's face, she quickly added:

"When I am playing, I quit talking from time to time; one need not talk all the time. Then I say a decade of the rosary."

About this time, sickness compelled Mrs. N. to separate herself from her children once more, and she sent them to a home. Marie's letters

are filled with expressions that show how well she has understood the place of Mary in life:

"I have yet many things to tell you," she writes in one letter, "but I am sure the Holy Virgin will tell them to you."

"Ah, the Holy Virgin," she writes in another, "if I had not had her I would have cried many an evening in my little bed." This child had captured the meaning of Mary "La Bonne Maman."

AND NOW THE CROSS

About this time, Marie showed a real understanding of suffering. The four years of War had made her undergo many privations but over and above this, she knew how to accept other sufferings. During winter, she suffered much from chillblains. Her mother, thinking it did not amount to very much and wishing to protect her from all softness, encouraged her to bear with it. She did. But what was her astonishment one evening on noticing that the child's foot was greatly swollen. At another time, she noticed that the child had not had chocolate for lunch. Upon questioning her she found out that the child had done this quite often whenever Mrs. N. had forgotten to prepare it for her. The child also complained a little of intestinal trouble, but very rarely, although after events proved that her last sickness must have originated at this time.

A siege of sickness and an affection of the lungs sent the child to the country to recover, and while here she was rather badly bruised by an escaped monkey. This was in turn succeeded by the serious illness and operation of her mother. When her mother returned from the hospital without informing anyone she sought out the child whom she had meanwhile placed in a home. The child did not seem surprised to see her mother, and when Mrs. N. in turn inquired whether she were not happy to see her, she answered:

"O yes, mamma, but I expected you to come."

"Expected me to come?" exclaimed Mrs. N. "How did you know that?"

"Little Jesus in my Communion," she answered, "made me understand that you would soon be here."

HOME WITH GOD

Shortly before Easter 1918 the family once more had to seek shelter from the terrible bombardment. Eventually however they reached safety and life became once more normal. Marie attended school for

a short time and made herself a favorite with all. This however lasted but a short time for on May 22 the child complained of pains in the stomach. Mrs. N. thinking it to be a mere indisposition put the child to bed. That night however, Marie grew worse and vomiting spells ensued. The pain localized in the side and a rising fever made a consultation necessary. An operation was decided on for the next morning at 8:30, but that night proved to be her last.

Marvellously patient during all this time, the child showed no fear of death. Each pain she was taught to offer for the salvation of the soldiers, which she did willingly. The ice pack on her side caused her much pain, but she endured it bravely. Finally she fell into a fitful sleep from which she awoke toward morning. It had been arranged to bring her the Viaticum, and she received with angelic fervor and happiness. She had always been accustomed to lean her head upon her mother's breast when mother came from Mass and now the mother embraced the child and in so doing embraced Christ whom her duty made it impossible to receive.

But the flame of life was burning low, and at last the mother saw that all hope was gone. The frail child rested in her arms, as once more they said the Hail Mary together, and after kissing the medal of Our Lady she lost consciousness and passed to God.

In a little country cemetery far from the shrieking shells they put her to rest, but those who knew her well feel sure that Marie-Clotilde has found the Little Jesus, and the mother's De Profundis has changed to her Magnificat.

ONE THING IMPORTANT

Over the three entrance doors of the well-known Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath are the words:

"All that which pleases is but for a moment."

Over the second there is sculptured a cross, and beneath are the words:

"All that which troubles is but for a moment."

And over the great central entrance of the Cathedral are carved the words:

"That only is important which is eternal."

Why All These Laws?

F. E. BIETER, C.Ss.R.

Canon 745: The subject capable of receiving baptism is every human being not yet baptized.

Christ said: Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Mindful of this charge the Church legislates to insure the baptism of every child in the canons explained here.

sin from the soul, makes a person a member of the Church of Christ, and impresses the indelible mark of a Christian upon the soul. Obviously that cannot be done twice. Even if a Christian should commit mortal sin, then original sin is not contracted again. He does not cease to be a member of the Church. Nor is the mark of a Christian ever removed from the soul. Other sacraments, but not baptism, must restore the grace of God in such an individual.

If there is a doubt about the validity of a first baptism, then the sacrament may be given again conditionally. But in reality, that is not a repetition of baptism. For the priest baptizing such a person, has the intention of baptizing in case the person was really not baptized. But if the first baptism was valid, then the minister of the sacrament has the intention of not repeating the sacrament at all, although he performs the exterior rite.

Canon 746: Before birth a child should not be baptized so long as there is probability of parturition and of baptism after birth.

Why is the Church solicitous about the baptism of an unborn child? Because that child is a human being, and has a soul to be saved. If it is quite certain that the child will die before birth, it is in extreme need. If the Church were not concerned about the welfare of such an infant, she would not be acting according to the spirit of her divine Founder, Who laid down His life, that every human soul might have life eternal. That is why a previous canon expresses the wish that doctors and nurses should know how to baptize.

Christ commissioned His apostles and their successors to baptize all. Hence the canon law lays down the fundamental law that every human being is capable of receiving baptism. But the person must not have been baptized before. Why? Because baptism removes original

The canon forbids antenatal baptism so long as there is probability that the sacrament can be administered after birth. The reason is obvious. Besides, the validity of such a baptism would not always be certain. Therefore a subsequent paragraph of this canon enjoins that a child so baptized, and nevertheless born alive, should be baptized again conditionally.

Canon 747: Care should be taken that every fetus abortively born, no matter at what time after conception, if it is certainly alive, should be baptized. If there is a doubt whether it is alive or dead, it should be baptized conditionally.

For an unprivileged soul, the eternal happiness of heaven is at stake. It is wrong for Catholic parents not to provide for the baptism of their normal children. It would be more sinful were they to neglect the baptism of one that will never have an opportunity of choosing baptism in later life.

Canon 748: Ill-formed offspring should always be baptized at least conditionally. In doubt whether it is one or two human beings, one should be baptized absolutely and the other conditionally.

St. Thomas teaches that on the last day the just will rise to life with perfect human bodies. Human nature reaches its perfection at about the age of thirty. And those who died in infancy or childhood, will arise not as children, but as perfect men and women.

Baptism of ill-formed children The space of human existence may be divided into three parts. The first is that of our natural life on earth from birth to death. The second is the time that will elapse between death and the day of the general resurrection. During this space, soul and body are separated. The third period starts with the reunion of body and soul on the day of resurrection, and will then last without change forever.

The first of these three periods is short. The second may be longer; it depends upon how far in the future is the end of the world. But even though it be thousands of years, that space is very short, when compared with the third, which will last forever.

The comfort of baptism Badly deformed children usually do not live very long. But if they receive baptism, their souls are saved. Nature has denied them well-formed bodies and earthly life. But holy Church is a kinder mother, and one who can give a life which will remedy bodily defects, not for a few years here on earth, but forever in the land of the living. Baptism produces these wonderful

effects in both soul and body for eternity. Little wonder that holy Church inserts a canon in her law-book in favor of the helpless child with a deformed body.

Science has tried to prevent such births. But to a great extent it has failed. And then science like a heartless step-mother often says: let such monstrosities die. How infinitely better is the kind solicitude of holy Church who says: let them live happily forever with bodily and spiritual perfection.

Canon 749: Investigation should be made to determine whether foundlings have been baptized. If their baptism is not surely established, they should be baptized conditionally.

Foundlings should surely be baptized. Abandoned by their parents, they are the object of the special solicitude of the Church.

Why not then make it a rule to baptize such children at once without further ado? Not all parents who stealthily leave their babe on the door-step of a Foundling Asylum are wicked. They may be in dire need. The poor mother who with aching heart leaves her little one to be cared for by the kind Sisters, has more of a conscience than the proud woman of means who points at her the finger of scorn, but who herself, before or after birth, has snuffed out the life of her own child. The mother who respects the bodily life of her child, may perhaps have likewise provided for its spiritual life by baptism. Therefore the Church wisely enjoins that an investigation be made about the baptism of a foundling. And if nothing, or nothing certain is discovered, the child should be baptized conditionally. Holy Church is a mother who will not forsake any child.

LOYALTY

When Pompeii was dug out its ruins there were found 38 skeletons of soldiers, standing on watch. The centurion and his soldiers, in spite of evident danger and the wholesale flight of the inhabitants of the city, had remained at their post. They allowed themselves to be buried beneath the flood of lava rather than leave their post without the command to do so.

A like loyalty to God is asked of Christians. They are the guardians of the City of God on earth. They must stand at their post, though civilization crumble and fall.

Apostle of the Lepers

THE VEN. PETER DONDERS, C. SS. R.

N. GOVERS, C.Ss.R.

CHAPTER XV. CORONIE

Coronie lies west of Paramaribo along the coast a day's journey from the capitol. It has a resident priest. To this part of the Surinam vineyard Rev. Father Donders was now sent. Coronie is one long road, a walk of about five or six hours, planted for the most part on both sides with cocoa trees. It was formerly a place of wealth and riches. It numbered at least seventeen most flourishing sugar and cotton plantations. The owners of these estates lived in magnificent mansions, drove about in brilliant equipages, and at times gave splendid and very expensive entertainments. At the time the Servant of God went to Coronie, however, all the glory and splendor of the place had departed. Wealthy as it once had been, it was now poor in the extreme. The plantations lay wasted, the fields uncultivated, and the buildings, fallen into decay, had left their ruins as so many silent witnesses of the busy days of yore. But before leaving Batavia for his new field of labor, Father Donders had to undergo a most painful humiliation.

About that time Right Rev. Bishop Schaap paid a visit to the Leper Establishment at Batavia. Naturally he expected to meet with a people vying with one another in praise of the Servant of God. What was his surprise, then, when some individuals came to him with complaints against the good priest. They were secretly anxious to get rid of him because he had repeatedly reproved them and admonished them to change their lives. They requested the Bishop to remove him. The only reason alleged by these Pharisees was that the priest spoke so softly and quietly that they could not understand his preaching. As the Bishop did not understand their language, he sent for the Servant of God to act as interpreter. It was a painful task for the priest. Yet he performed it with such humility and meekness that the Bishop was astonished at his virtue and often spoke afterwards of the incident as a great proof of the holiness of the Servant of God.

Not in answer to the shameless request of these ungrateful creatures, but at Father Donders' own request, the Superiors invited him to come to Paramaribo; for he was anxious, after so many years of absence, once more to enjoy the blessings of Community Life. After residing

in the capitol from February, 1883, till the 2nd of November of the same year, he was transferred to Coronie. It was the same year in which the Government granted him a pension in consideration, as the official report states, of the great charity he had shown in taking care of the unfortunate inmates of the Leper Establishment. But a pension, however well deserved it might have been, meant no rest for the Servant of God. "I have not accepted my pension," he writes, "to remain in idleness and take my rest; but to labor, so long as the good God preserves my health, all the more for the welfare of souls redeemed by Jesus Christ as such a price."

When the Redemptorists entered upon the mission-field of Coronie, they found a Catholic population of seven hundred and thirty souls, twenty-seven of whom had made their First Holy Communion. For sixteen years the Fathers had labored with the greatest zeal, yet the field was overgrown with weeds. "It is a place," writes Father Donders, "in which there is much to be done and many sinners to be converted." How happy his Brethren at Coronie felt when they learned that the Venerable Servant of God was to be with them! How anxious they were to become the witnesses of his saintly life!

And indeed an example he would be here, as he had been elsewhere. He gave himself no rest. The very first day after his arrival he began his quest for souls. As he was not acquainted with the surroundings, he begged one of his fellow-priests to accompany him and to introduce him to the people. His companion, knowing the apostolic zeal of the Servant of God, brought him at once to a man who was in great need of his assistance. This man, who had neglected his religious duties since the time of his First Holy Communion, who had forgotten nearly all about his religion, who showed no respect to the priests, was living for twenty years in unlawful relations with a black woman. Once before he had met the Servant of God at Paramaribo and again at Coronie when Father Donders happened to be there for a short time. When his sister on one occasion ventured to speak to him about confession, he replied: "I shall never confess to any priest but Rev. Father Donders; for he is a Saint." When the Servant of God with his companion now called on him, he manifested surprise at the unexpected visit, but he was not at all inclined to surrender. "Well," said the priest to him, "I hear that you have inquired for me." "Not at all," was the unkind answer, "I do not need your assistance." All the efforts of the good

priest were in vain. He returned somewhat later, however; for he was determined to win the man back to God. Thenceforward he went daily to see him. Gradually he won his confidence. Unable longer to withstand the kindness of the priest, the man promised to come to the Presbytery every evening for instruction. He kept his word and soon afterwards he was lawfully married.

In a short time Father Donders knew the parish thoroughly. Nothing escaped him. His Superior, Rev. Father Romme, himself a very virtuous priest, writes: "From the very day of his arrival he displayed the greatest zeal for the cause of God. No labor was too burdensome to him, no sacrifice too great. The more there was to do, the better he liked it. I could not afford him a more genuine pleasure than to bring to him aged people for instruction. He would sit with them for hours, teaching them to say the Our Father, the Hail Mary, etc."

Coronie possessed two out-missions: one at Burnside, the other at Welgelegen, each about two hours' journey from the parish church. On Sunday, divine services were held alternately in these out-missions. This was hard work for a priest of seventy-four years of age, harder still during the absence or illness of his companion, when the whole charge devolved upon him. Early on Sunday morning he would drive to Burnside, to celebrate Holy Mass and preach there, and then return to the parish church where at nine o'clock he celebrated High Mass and again preached. After that he would attend to the people that came to speak with him on divers matters, or he had to administer the Sacrament of Baptism. He was kept occupied thus till mid-day without breaking his fast. On being asked if he did not feel tired, he replied: "Oh no; I am used to it." Yet the traces of fatigue were plainly visible.

At Burnside the priests were often invited to dinner by the manager of the estate. Father Donders was always glad to learn that the manager was not at home, as he had more time to hunt for souls. In case he had to accept the invitation, he would rise from the table as soon as he could, to be again in quest of his dear souls.

Let us not imagine, however, that the Servant of God was insensible to the disappointments of a priest. Once he expressed himself in the following terms: "For more than twenty years I have been toiling and laboring in this place, and where are the fruits?" But to this man of lively faith one soul was like the precious pearl of the Gospel, worthy

of being purchased at a great price, since it had been redeemed by the Previous Blood of Christ, and of greater value than anything in this world. He was of that genuine type of Saint, who could understand and reduce to practice the words of St. Francis Xavier: "For the conversion of a single soul, it is worth while to go to the Indies."

Owing to the sharp sea breeze and not less to his love for mortifying himself during Advent, he was attacked by a violent fever in December, 1883. The malady grew worse every day and caused him many a sleepless night. His brethren began a Novena, which at his request they made in honor of St. Joseph. During the nine days of the Novena no change took place, but on the first night following he was very quiet. The fever disappeared in a few days and in a few days more he was able to resume his work.

Soon afterwards he was tried in another way. A tumor on the left knee prevented him from saying Holy Mass for a fortnight and compelled him to keep to his room for a considerable time. In all these trials he was joyfully resigned. One of his companions writes: "For more than three months he suffered with heavenly patience. Without uttering any complaint, he twice underwent a rather painful operation on his knee."

It is rather surprising that during the whole period of his illness he never manifested the least desire to get better, so as to be able to go about his work again. This reticence made his companions often remark to one another: "How strange! We know how much he longs to take up his work; yet not a word about it, only this, 'As it pleases the good God'!" No sooner had he been restored to health, however, than he resumed his labors with the same lively zeal and earnestness. Morning and afternoon he went out to visit his people. More than once his companions felt themselves obliged to rebuke him, that he should be more prudent and spare himself a little. Zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls consumed his heart. To convert sinners had all along been his heart's one desire, and it would remain so till the end.

His brethren at Coronie besides admiring him for his ardent love for souls, esteemed him also for his great love of mortification. The Servant of God tried to hide as much as he could this love of mortification. As a rule, he drank only water; but if anything better was offered he took it and acted as though he liked it. When alone, how-

ever, he endeavored to make good the loss. This is attested by the first biographer of the Venerable Servant of God, Rev. Father Bossers, who tells us: "When he was alone at home he took what was worst. Of bread he preferred what was less agreeable to the taste; if it happened to be somewhat mouldy, so much the better; he would take it, remove the mould and then eat it with relish."

He used to fast three times a week, on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Weakened by fever and in his seventy-fifth year, his Superiors forbade him to fast any longer. All his pleading to be allowed to resume his fasting was in vain. He was ordered by his Superiors to take a piece of bread and butter every morning. He obeyed, but he would make the slice of bread as small and as thin as possible.

The Right Rev. Bishop had hardly arrived at Coronie than the Servant of God asked permission to take his repose again on the hard floor. So earnestly did he persist in his petition that the Bishop could not refuse to grant him this privilege. "With joy beaming upon his countenance," writes Brother Alphonsus, "the priest called me to his room in the evening and bade me remove the mattress, as he had obtained permission to sleep on the boards. Greatly moved at the petition of this old priest of seventy-five years, reduced to weakness by his fasting and other works of penance, I took the mattress away in silence."

This same penitential life Father Donders continued at Coronie. He made use of the discipline in the evening and very frequently in the morning. So vigorously did he chastise his body that his linen was stained with blood. A scourge which the Superiors happened to find one day in his room was provided in places with pins and small nails, and was covered with blood-stains. Other instruments of penance of his have probably been lost.

A real plague of the tropics are the mosquitoes, whose sting causes a very painful irritation. Everyone is anxious to ward off these troublesome pests. The Servant of God, however, not only allowed them to alight upon him, but he felt a certain delight in being tortured by them. Coronie, lying along the coast, is a spot in which they abound. During the time of meditation when his companions walked to and fro in order to make the torment somewhat bearable, he would do likewise so as not to appear singular, but on such occasions he did not otherwise molest them. Anyone who knows by experience what it means to be harassed by these vexatious insects, may form an idea of what the Servant of

God must have endured during the hours he spent in the church at night, for at night they are more troublesome than ever.

After having labored for two years at Coronie, Father Donders was at length ordered to return to his beloved Batavia. When the news reached him, he said in confidence to one of his companions: "Alas! I had hoped to end my days here!" But he added immediately, folding his hands and looking up to heaven: "God's Holy Will must be done!" When the news got abroad that he was to leave Coronie, all the inhabitants shared in the sadness of his brethren, for they all loved the aged priest. That his influence among them had been great was evident from the fact that many of those sinners for whose conversion he had prayed and labored returned to their duties shortly after he had gone from them. "I have myself often heard," writes one of his companions, "that the people attribute these conversions to the prayers of good Father Donders."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

STRENGTH FOR THE DAY

In one of his sermons on the Eucharist, Monsabre tells the following story:

It was on December 30, 1846, that three Little Sisters of the Poor arrived before daybreak in a town in the center of France. Their journey had been long and painful, the poor Sisters had eaten nothing for a long time, and the cold of the night had transfixed them.

Pale and shivering, they descended from the carriage. Someone was waiting for them, and hastened to offer them a hospitable house wherein to warm and refresh themselves; but they asked the way to a church.

"You shall go there afterwards," said the friend.

"No," they replied. "What shall we do here without Jesus, and where can we find, if not in Him Himself, the strength and blessing necessary for our work?"

They immediately went to Mass, at which they received Holy Communion. That morning Communion inaugurated in Tours the devoted service rendered to aged poor by those who humbly call themselves their Little Sisters.

Catholic Anecdotes

SERMON WITHOUT WORDS

A non-Catholic business man relates the following story:

"I was away on vacation once—on a fishing trip. There were four of us in the party and one was a Catholic.

"When Sunday came, our Catholic friend got up at four in the morning and walked a mile in the mud to the station to catch a passing train at five, which brought him to a town about *ten* miles distant where there was a Catholic Church. There our friend attended Mass, returning later in the day.

"When we made a remark that he could have pleaded a legitimate excuse for neglecting the divine service under the circumstances, he replied that it was not only through a sense of obligation that he had gone, but that he valued the Mass so highly that he would have considered it a great loss to miss hearing it. Moreover, he had promised his mother never to miss Mass if it were at all possible to attend.

"That man," concluded the non-Catholic, "went up 100 per cent in our esteem. We Protestants felt that a religion which was so real to its members must have something in it which we do not find in our own."

AN EXCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS

In relating some of the experiences connected with his conversion to the Catholic faith in *America* not long ago, John Moody, the distinguished financial expert, tells of the reaction and counter-reaction of one of his friends. He writes the story as follows:

"An agnostic business friend, whom I have known for thirty years, not so very long ago wrote me the following letter:

"I recently was told that you have embraced the Catholic Faith. Of course I do not believe it. The person who told me must be either a joker or a fool. If not, then you must be the fool. Now I do not know a thing about Catholicism, but it is utterly inconceivable to me that a man of your intelligence should fall for such a conglomeration of

ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and trivial nonsense. For my part, I could not accept anything not based on reason and common sense. If you really are in it, then I know your mind must be decaying. But I will stake my last dollar that it is either a lie or a joke.'

"This was so exhilarating a letter to receive from an old friend that I decided to give him a reply of the same texture. And here it is:

"You are going to lose your last dollar, for it is utterly true that I have embraced the Catholic Faith. To use your own words, I could not accept anything not based on reason and common sense. It is your mind which is decaying, for you admit that you do not know a thing about a thing, and then immediately assert that the thing about which you know nothing is a conglomeration of ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and trivial nonsense. I would expect this of your friend Bertrand Russell, but hardly of you.

"You ignorant ass; why not first find out what the Catholic Faith is—and try to restore your decaying mind?"

"Two days later I received the following interesting wire from him:

"You win. Am going to look it all up."

"After this several months went by. Then, at the end of a business letter, he added this postscript:

"Am reading the whole list of books you sent me. You old son of a gun; you may make me a Catholic yet."

THE SUPERNATURAL VIEW

Before his conversion, one of Vernon Johnson's objections to the Catholic Church, as made to a priest on one of his visits to the home of the Little Flower at Lisieux, was based on the Catholic custom of kneeling before the Pope.

"But," answered the priest, "we think only of Jesus Christ Whom he represents."

"Ah," replied the Anglican, struck by the reply. "I see once more what a difference there is between you and us. You have a facility for supernaturalizing everything—a facility that does not exist at all among us Anglicans."

When the cross comes, how shall we have peace, unless we unite ourselves to the divine will?

Pointed Paragraphs

ADVENT

Advent comes with the descent of winter. It is called the beginning of the Church's year. Strange coincidence this—that unites the time of beginning in the supernatural realm with the natural season that is allied to death!

Is it so strange? Rather the natural and the supernatural may be seen in striking harmony here. Advent is the beginning of the cycle of feasts in the Christian year, and represents the beginning of supernatural life in the individual soul. And the very beginning of true Christian life is death!

So winter, with its barren trees and its lifeless earth—with its symbols and its realities of death—preaches as Christ would preach:

“He that would save his life must lose it.”

“Unless the seed fall to the earth and die—it shall produce no fruit.”

“If any man would come after me, let him take up his cross and follow Me.”—Follow whither? To Calvary where is death.

The entire Liturgy of Advent is devoted to bringing out this lesson. St. John the Baptist, the herald of the Saviour, is placed before us, with his preparatory lesson: “Do penance, for the Kingdom of God is at hand!” This is the theme of the Advent season. And what is penance but death—death to the vices and concupiscences of an unruly nature? We have need to die before we can live.

And as surely as spring will follow winter—so Christmas will come after Advent. Christ will be before us—and our hearts will be ready to accept Him! By our penances, by our self-denial, by our prayers, we shall have detached our hearts from unworthy things, and they will be free to attach themselves in perfect love to the Infant-heart of our God.

In that attachment there is life, there is joy, there is hope, there is peace. “As dying, yet behold we live!”

PEACE ON EARTH

There will be a wistful note in the song of the angels as it rings out near the stable at Bethlehem this Christmas. They will sing the paean of glory to God in the highest—and there will be no reserve, no lack of fullness in their song. Then they will sing of peace—of peace on earth to men of good will—and the song will be wistful and longing and sad.

Peace! How the world has need of peace!

Nations have gathered to establish peace, to promote it, to insure it. They have scattered again with the assurance no nearer at hand.

Laborers have sought it at the hands of their masters (not meant to be "masters" such as they have become); they have sought it with empty hands outstretched; have pleaded with voices shaken by hunger; have begged it for starving wives and needy children in the form of bread. When bread would bring peace they have been handed a stone.

Hearts are looking for peace. Hearts broken and wounded by a harsh and cynical world; hearts disillusioned of the fair promises their own follies once held out to them; hearts aching and friendless and beaten and sore—tired of the quest—wearied of seeking for peace.

But the angels will sing of peace—the while they grieve over a restless world. Their song contains the end of the quest—if only the world would heed. "Peace on earth to men of good will!"

"Come," they say, "to the stable. Come with a ready mind and a willing heart. Come—not as Herod, to envy, to hate, to kill. Not as the scoffer—to doubt, to argue, to disbelieve. Come to learn that here is God and therefore peace. Come to learn from Him Who taught every lesson by example before He uttered a word! Come—learn humility first—then dependence upon Him—and you shall find peace."

To all men of good will the quest for peace will end in a stable on Christmas night!

A BROADENING EDUCATION

Tours among prominent American colleges and universities have been arranged by an association calling itself the "Fellowship of Reconciliation" promising to give students an education on revolutionary subjects through lecturers and leaders in the various fields of revolutionary activity.

Among the features of the program will be a lecture by Dr. M. A. Cohn under the title: "Why I am an Anarchist." In another Dr. A. Markoff will explain to the students "why he is a communist." An inspiring talk is promised by one Ben Fletcher who will take as his theme: "Why I am an I. W. W."

A dozen or so prominent universities are signed up for these tours, according to the announcement of the association. One wonders whether this is the sort of thing parents expect their children to meet when they send them to a university for an education. Perhaps it is. Such lectures are part of a "broadening process" that bears its annual toll of warped and diseased minds among young people.

In the process of broadening, why stop with the anarchist, the communist, the I. W. W.? The racketeer, the gangster, the professional thief, the purveyors of vice in all its various forms—these, too, could help in the "broadening process" by stirring lectures on "Why I am what I am."

It should not make Catholic parents rest more easily to read of the possible influences that will help to mold the minds and characters of their children if they send them to anything but a Catholic school or college. The uneasiness so often becomes genuine sorrow when the young man or young woman returns home from college to expound why he or she is—well, anything but a Catholic.

"ARTICULATE LAYMEN"

The Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, Editor of *America*, has a thoughtful article in the issue of November 19. It is entitled "Making the Layman Articulate." In it he asks two questions: How much say have lay Catholics had in formulating our national policies? And if they have had little say, whose fault is that?

The author answers the first question out of his own experience and observation. Most readers must agree with him:

"I find that many laymen, and not the least intelligent, are quite generally willing to admit that they are nowhere in the national scene, and they put the blame for that on the clergy. I find, but it takes some cross-questioning to bring it out, that most laymen feel themselves quite incompetent to take their place in national influence, because they don't know enough of their own philosophy to expound it and defend it. I

find others who know and are willing to take their part, but are, as one expressed it to me recently, 'appallingly inarticulate.'"

Nevertheless there are many Catholics in politics—chiefly municipal, sometimes State, rarely national. Even these, says Father Parsons, "are nearly always men who have risen from the ranks of the practical politicians and have no knowledge whatsoever of their own philosophy and often no interest in it. The point I am trying to make is that Catholics have only too often looked on an official position as a 'job' and not as a means of contributing to our country the benefits of a philosophy which to us is obviously needed to bring about the reign of justice and charity."

"What I am pleading for then," the editor continues, "is not more jobs for Catholics. When they get them, what do they do with them? Nor am I limiting my plea to politics. The same situation exists in business . . . in literature and the arts . . . in the law and medicine . . . in education . . . in social welfare. In all these, religious philosophies are powerful, and even more so are the various secularist philosophies. It is rare that a Catholic philosophy demands a hearing, and almost unheard of when it gets acceptance."

Remedies can be glibly supplied. Catholics must be made acquainted with the fact that they have a philosophy, compelling and clear. They must understand it. They must be equipped to translate it into action and leadership—whatever their sphere.

Catholic schools and colleges as well as individuals might note this need. The same issue of *American* quoted above has an article calling religion (to which philosophy may be subjoined) "the worst taught Course" in our schools.

WORTH REMEMBERING

St. Augustine wrote of his mother that the most beautiful trait of her character was this that she never repeated unkind remarks passed in her presence about those who were absent. He says:

"When in the company of people whose active ill-feeling showed itself in strong expressions against an absent friend she never afterward repeated to the friend the unkindness—but only the good that was said, in order to bring about a reconciliation."

How many people could be fondly remembered by this trait?

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

The evil done to the whole human race by the sin of Adam was very great. For Adam

From "The Glories of Mary" by his sin lost the grace of God and together with it all the other

gifts with which he had been originally endowed, and at the same time drew down upon himself and upon all his descendants the anger of God and every evil. But God willed to exempt one single person from this universal ruin; namely, the peerless maiden whom he had destined to be the mother of the second Adam, Jesus Christ,—the second Adam Who was to repair the damage wrought by the first. And let us see the reasons why Almighty God chose to exempt the Blessed Virgin from original sin.

Among other reasons, we may consider in particular the fact that He had destined her to crush the head of the infernal serpent, who, by seducing our first parents, had brought death upon all men. Almighty God Himself had predicted: "I will place enmity between thee (namely, the devil) and the woman; and between thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head."

But if the Blessed Virgin was to be the brave woman placed in the world to overcome Lucifer, certainly it was not fitting that she should first be overcome by Lucifer and become his slave; rather, it was reasonable that she be preserved from every stain and from every trace of subjection to the

enemy of the human race. That proud spirit indeed sought to soil the soul of Mary with his poison, as he had succeeded in doing with all the rest of men; but let us ever praise the divine goodness for having filled her with so great an abundance of grace that she remained free from the least shadow of sin and was able to crush and confound the demon's pride.

CHRISTMAS

The ancient Jews had a feast which they called "The Day of Fire" in memory of

From the "Novena for Christmas" the fire with which Nehemias had kindled the sacrifice in Jerusalem after

his return with his countrymen from the captivity of Babylon. In the same way, and still more fittingly, we can call the feast of Christmas "the Day of Fire." For on that day Almighty God came down on earth in the shape of a tiny babe to enkindle the fire of love in the hearts of men. "I am come to cast fire on earth," said Our Lord, and truly it was so. Before the coming of Christ, who was there that loved God on earth? He was hardly known in one corner of the world, namely in Judea; and even there, how few there were that loved Him at the time of His coming! In the rest of the world men adored the sun, or the beasts of the field, or sticks and stones, or other things still more unworthy. But after the coming of Our Lord the name of God became known everywhere, and began to be loved by many souls. Within a few years after

the birth of the Saviour, the hearts of men had been warmed by the holy fire of the love of God, and He was loved more than He had been in all the years since the creation of man.

Let us enter the cave of Bethlehem. See there, in that manger, on that poor bundle of straw, the tender, weeping Babe. See how lovely He is; see the light that surrounds Him, the love that He breathes. His eyes send darts to wound those who desire Him; His cries inflame the hearts of His lovers. The very walls of the cave, the straw on which He lies call out to you and tell you to love Him;—to love a God Who deserves infinite love; Who descended from the starry skies, became a Babe, became poor to make you understand the love He bears you, and by His sufferings, to win your love.

PREDESTINATION

St. Francis de Sales writes: The greatest assurance that we can

have in this world of
From the
"Practice of
the Love of
Jesus Christ"
being in the state of grace does not consist in feelings that we may have of His love, but in a pure and irrevocable abandonment of our entire being into His hands, and in the firm resolution never to consent to any sin, great or small.

St. Aloysius used to say that there is no more certain sign that a person is predestined to Heaven than to see him fearing God and at the same time tried by trouble and sorrow in this world.

"You shall be carried at the breast, and upon the lap they shall caress you, as one whom the mother caresseseth, so will I caress you."

GOOD AND EVIL

We see at the present time how the whole human race is prone to follow its evil appetites—revenge, hatred, From "Evidence ambition, impurity; of the Faith" things all contrary to right reason. All the works of God are good; hence He could not have created man in this depraved condition.

Where then did all this depravity come from? Let us seek its origin; we find it in Adam. Adam was the first man, created by God in original justice; that is, with his senses subject to reason, and his reason subject to God. But Adam disobeyed God by eating of the forbidden fruit; and that is how he and all his descendants were deprived of divine grace and made the victims of the rebellion of the senses against reason, and the reason against God.

This great evil needed a great remedy; and what did God do? Having compassion on men, He determined to send His own Son to redeem them from their ruin, so that they would not be lost.

Hence before the coming of this Saviour, God sent the prophets to foretell it to the world, so that man could be saved through hope and confidence in His merits. All their prophecies are recorded in Holy Scripture, with all the circumstances of the coming, the works, the life and death of the Redeemer, so that after His coming, men could no longer have any doubt.

After that He established His Church in Judea, and then promulgated His laws, whereby, over and above the light of natural reason, men might know what they had to do and what they had to avoid.

Book Reviews

THE MASS

The Missal and Holy Mass. A textbook Explaining the Prayers and Requisites for the Celebration of Holy Mass, the Liturgical Year and the Manner of Using the Missal, with Illustrations Accompanying the Text. By the Rev. Wm. J. Lallou, D.D. and Sister Josifita Maria, S.S.J., Ph.D. Published by Benziger Bros. 221 pages. Price, 72 cents (less 25 per cent to schools).

This is a distinct contribution to the Liturgical movement. The publishers announce it as the first and only book giving complete instructions on how to use a Missal. It is primarily a textbook, intended for 7th and 8th grades, but we believe there is no class of Catholics to whom it will not be interesting, enlightening, and eminently useful.

The sub-title, as quoted above, tells the contents of the book. Pedagogically, it is exceptionally well edited. The explanations are simple, concise, clear, yet as complete as desirable. Questions, problems, exercises are annexed to each chapter to test and develop the mind of the student. Suggested reading matter and bibliographies are current through the book. Even stories are thrown in for the sake of interest, but are wisely isolated from the text so as not to distract from the serious study matter.

We heartily recommend the book to adults who as yet have but little acquaintance with the form and content of the Mass prayers and who would appreciate an introduction. Teachers in Catholic schools should possess the book, even though they have no Liturgical class; it may inspire the formation of such classes; at least it will point the way for guiding individual children to an appreciation of the Mass.

The publishers must be congratulated on the low price at which they have brought out this valuable volume.—D. F. M.

The Mass Liturgy. Liturgical Lectures on the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Participation of the Laity. Translated from the German of Dom Fidelis Boeser, O.S.B. by Chas. Cannon, O.S.B. Pub-

lished by Bruce. 141 pages. Price, \$1.50.

"This series of seven lectures," says the Translator's preface, "should be of service for introducing the use of the Missal among the laity." The book is not, however, a guide to the use of the Missal, but an interpretative study of the spirit of the Liturgy. As such it should play a part in arousing the laity to an appreciation that will lead to a desire to know the Missal, and to use it in attendance at Holy Mass.

The Mass is divided by the author into seven parts, and the predominant significance of each, as viewed from a dogmatic and moral standpoint, is the subject matter of the seven lectures. The author might well have adhered more closely to the Liturgical content of the Mass in his explanations; digressions are not infrequent. It will also be doubted whether he elucidates sufficiently the most important significance of the Consecration of the Mass—which is Sacrifice, not mere dedication. The sketches inserted by the translator at the end of each lecture will be helpful to priests and others who may wish to use the materials themselves, though the digressions make the sketches rather unwieldy.

—D. F. M.

Holy Mass. An Explanation of the Spiritual and Doctrinal Meaning of the Mass. By the Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. Published by Benziger Bros. 246 pages. Price, \$1.00.

This is also an interpretative commentary on various ceremonies of the Mass. Rather arbitrarily the author chooses to enlarge his remarks on some of the prayers or ceremonies rather than on others. Several pages are devoted to an explanation and exhortation on the meaning of the "Dominus Vobiscum"—as a result of which many ceremonies must be passed over in silence. This of course is an author's privilege of selection.

Where Father Herbst chooses to enlarge his treatment, he uses liturgical, dogmatic and historical materials to explore the meaning of his topic. Copious and pointed moral applications are interwoven, so that the chapters take on

somewhat the nature of sermons on texts chosen from the prayers of the Mass. Appreciation of the Mass will grow from reading the book, though sometimes the exclamatory, hortatory style of the author is distasteful.—D. F. M.

RELIGION

Apologetics. A Class Manual in the Philosophy of the Catholic Religion. By Paul J. Glenn, Ph.D., S.T.D. Published by B. Herder. 303 pages. Price, \$2.00.

This is really a combined text on Natural Theology and Catholic Apologetics. The fundamental truths of both these sciences are arrayed before the student, with the principal arguments for them succinctly presented. Traditional scholastic arrangement and terminology are for the most part used. One of the chief merits of the work is the compactness it gives to the course. It is perhaps too much to expect that the necessarily brief and sharply outlined arguments for some of the more abstruse truths will at once be grasped by the mind of the student; yet the book may be offered as a splendid text for the teacher to follow with his own more complete explanations. A bibliography for students would have enhanced the value of the text. The vitriolic character of some of the author's animadversions on opponents is to be regretted.—D. F. M.

The Question and the Answer. By Hilaire Belloc. Published by Bruce. 110 pages. Price, \$1.25.

Hilaire Belloc brings to the task of this book eminent qualifications, chief among which are solidity in logic, lucidity in style, and a wide knowledge of the views of others regarding his subject matter. It is a book directed against the position of skeptics, agnostics, indifferentists, and the like.

The "Question" is threefold: 1) What am I? 2) Whether God is? 3) Whether a revelation from God to man is presumable and if presumable, whether a witness to it should exist and by what marks it

could be known. He answers the questions by building up his conclusions from principles and truths that are taken for granted by all save, perhaps, a nonsensical few. He makes no logical forward step until he has examined the illogicalness of many of the positions on the point in question that run counter to his own. Thus he is able to bring Catholic apologetics of a limited scope up to date.

Father Husslein, editor of the Science and Culture Series of which this is a part, deserves recognition for the exhaustive bibliography appended to the book.—D. F. M.

Preparation for First Communion. By William J. Smith, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work Press, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 21 pages. Price, 5 cents.

The story of the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, told in simple words and sentences for the instruction and inspiration of the child. Preparation for and thanksgiving after Communion are likewise briefly given, and encouragement to the child to frequent the Holy Table often.

CHRISTMAS

Novena for Christmas. Published by the Little Flower Mission Circle, New York City. Price, Single copy, 10 cents; fifty copies, \$4.00; one hundred copies, \$8.00.

During the ages of faith, preparation for Christmas on the part of Christians was apparently far more serious and earnest than it is amongst many today. We can well afford to bring back the spirit of olden days by adopting means that will bring out in individual lives all the significance and fruits of the Christmas season. One means is offered in this little booklet; it is a Novena made up of meditations, applications, prayers and practices for each of the nine days preceding the feast and for the feast itself. Advent should find this booklet in the pamphlet racks of our Churches, where devout Catholics may find it at hand.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Introduction to the Bible by Rev. J. M. Laux, M.A. (Benziger).

Gemma Galgani by Rev. J. P. Clarke (Benziger).

Mary Rose's Sister Bess by Mary Mabel Wirries (Benziger).

The Princess of the Mohawks (a play) by Jos. P. Clancy (Catholic Dramatic Movement).

Rogue River Red (a play) by Jos. P. Clancy (Catholic Dramatic Movement).

Thirty Million (a play) by M. J. Heymans (Catholic Dramatic Movement).

Church Architecture by Frank Brannack (Bruce).

On Paths of Holiness by Eder-Gerein (Herder).

Inviolable by Helen Bulger (Benziger).

Catholic Events

The bicentennial anniversary of the founding of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and the centennial anniversary of the coming of its members to America, were celebrated by Redemptorists throughout the country during November. In almost all Redemptorist parishes a triduum of commemorative devotions was held featuring the actual anniversary date, November 9th. Some few parishes held over the celebration till later in the year.

At St. Alphonsus (Rock) Church in St. Louis, where the motherhouse of the western Province is situated, the celebrations were held on November 9th, 10th, and 11th. A Solemn High Mass was sung each morning at 9:30 o'clock. A Redemptorist, a Passionist, and a Franciscan can were in turn celebrant at these Masses.

On Thursday morning the Solemn Mass was celebrated in the presence of His Excellency, Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis. A sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Robert S. Johnston, S. J., President of St. Louis University, after which Archbishop Glennon also gave an address. Over a hundred priests were present, representing the religious and diocesan clergy; many members of the communities of Sisters and Brothers in the archdiocese; and a large number of the laity. Many were forced to stand throughout the ceremony.

Services were held each evening of the Triduum at the Rock Church in St. Louis at 8 o'clock. Speakers at these services were: Very Rev. Wm. P. Barr, C.M., president of Kenrick Seminary; Rev. D. J. Lavery, D.D., pastor of Holy Rosary Parish in St. Louis; and Rt. Rev. Monsignor P. P. Crane, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese. A shrine had been erected in which relics of St. Alphonsus, St. Gerard and St. Clement, Redemptorist saints, were reposed in honor. At each evening service the relics were publicly venerated.

On Thursday at noon a banquet was served for the clergy of the archdiocese at the Coronado Hotel. Though an informal affair, a few speeches were part of the program. The Very Rev. Edward Rogers, pastor of St. Rose's parish in De Soto, Mo., was toastmaster. He called to the floor the Rev. E. T. Finan, the Rev. J. J. McGlynn, Monsignor Crane, and the Very Rev. E. K. Cantwell, C.Ss.R., Provincial of the St. Louis Province of the Redemptorists.

The attendance at all the Church services, and at the banquet for the clergy, indicated the respect and love in which the Redemptorists are held in St. Louis.

* * *

Perhaps the most outstanding celebration of the dual anniversary of the Redemptorist Fathers in the Eastern Province was held at St. Gerard's Church in Lima, Ohio. The event took on special significance

there because Ohio was the first state in which pioneer Redemptorists worked in America.

The celebration in Lima was a four-day affair, beginning Sunday, November 6th. Members of the hierarchy and large numbers of Monsignori and priests took part. Sermons at either the morning or evening services were given by the Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Milwaukee; by the Rt. Rev. Karl J. Alter, Bishop of Toledo, Bishop John J. Noll, of Fort Wayne, and Bishop Joseph Schrembs, of Cleveland. The Most Rev. John P. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, sent Monsignor Frank A. Thill to read a sermon he had prepared as he himself was unable to attend. All the sermons were broadcast over the radio.

* * *

The November elections, which gave a victory to the Democratic party not only in regard to the federal offices, but in regard to a large majority of those of State, county and city politics as well, sent four Catholics to the Senate. They were Augustine Lonergan of Connecticut; Lewis Murphy of Iowa; Patrick McCarron of Nevada; and F. Ryan Duffy of Wisconsin. Four other Catholics are holdovers in the present senatorial body: Thomas Walsh of Montana; Henry Ashurst of Arizona; David I. Walsh of Massachusetts; and Felix Hebert of Rhode Island. A large number of Catholic candidates were also sent to Congress.

* * *

Mr. Francis J. Sheed, one of the prime movers in the inauguration of the Evidence movement in Great Britain, is in this country giving lectures on the character and results of this lay apostolate in England.

According to his lecture, the Catholic Evidence Guild of Great Britain now numbers 600 members — 400 men and 200 women. Over 500 meetings are held in England each month. A meeting is held every night of the week in Hyde Park, lasting from 7 to 10 o'clock. On Sunday the meeting begins at 11 o'clock in the morning and runs without interruption until 10 o'clock in the evening. The Westminster Guild of London has a record of 4,000 hours of talking annually: and for every hour of talking, each speaker has spent an hour in prayer and adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

These lay speakers on Catholic doctrine undergo an intensive preparation before they are allowed to appear in public. A candidate for the Guild attends a weekly series of lectures — usually the same series three times. Meanwhile he studies and prepares especially one subject. When that is sufficiently well in hand he speaks on it and is severely "heckled." He repeats this until his work is approved. Then he takes an examination before a priest. If he passes that, he goes out on the street and talks. Some are able to get on the street in six weeks, while others require as much as three years of preparation.

From the beginning, objections were raised against the work of the Evidence Guild. They were much the same as are current in America; it was said to be too undignified to speak on religion in the streets, in parks, in other public places; entrusting Catholic teaching to laymen was

deprecated as dangerous; it was prophesied that bigotry and persecution rather than good effects would result from it. Facts have proved the weakness of the objections. Conversions have been made, lapsed Catholics have been regained; and the English populace is being educated in Catholic truth — so much so that at one of the meeting places none but a senior member of the Guild is allowed to speak because the crowds know more Catholic doctrine than most of the junior members themselves.

The work is spreading. There are now fifty guilds throughout England; one in Scotland; one in Australia; and this year three full-fledged Evidence Guilds have been formed in this country.

* * *

The enrollment in Catholic high schools and academies in the United States increased from 129,858 in 1920 to 241,869 in 1930, which represents an increase of 86.3 per cent in a decade. The figures were released recently by the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. These figures regarding the Catholic high schools, in most of which tuition is charged, compare with an increase of 99.9 per cent in the public high schools of the country in which no tuition is charged.

* * *

The cause of the beatification of Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers in Molakai, is being advanced. Pictures of Father Damien, with an approved prayer for his beatification, are being distributed by the Fathers of the Sacred Heart at Fairhaven, Massachusetts, and may be obtained gratis by those who wish to write to the Reverend Father Superior at the above address.

* * *

November 29th was celebrated in 88 dioceses as "Catholic University of America Day." The setting aside of a day for this purpose had been suggested by the Holy Father in his letter of October 10, 1928.

In preparation for the observance, conferences of all bishops in the east and far west were held to determine the procedures to be followed out in the development of the Catholic University. It was decided at these regional conferences that all who contribute in any way to the support of the University will be enrolled as members of a new society projected by the Holy Father, called "The Friends of the Catholic University of America," and entitled to the spiritual privileges of membership.

A recent study made by J. Harvey Cain, assistant treasurer of the Catholic University, reveals the fact that the University, in comparison with other members of the Association of American Universities, is most economically managed. Its total annual expenditure is equivalent to the monthly expenditure of five of the larger universities.

The number of graduate students at Catholic University increased 240 per cent during the last three years. As a result the resources of the University have hardly been able to keep pace with its needs.

Lucid Intervals

A little miss of four came tearfully to her mother one morning with the complaint, "How can I button my dress when the button is in the back and I'm in the front?"

Sambo: "What kind of watch you got?"

Jasbo: "I has a wonder watch."

Sambo: "Wonder watch! Never heard of that before."

Jasbo: "Well, you see, it's this way. Every time I look at it I wonder what time it is."

Auntie: "Bobby, why don't you get up and give your seat to your father? Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for the strap?"

Booby: "Not on a train, it doesn't."

A certain famous motor-car manufacturer advertised that he had put a car together in seven minutes. The next evening he was called on the phone at dinner time and asked if it were so.

"Yes," was the reply. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But I believe I've got the car."

The teacher was hearing her class of small boys in mathematics.

"Edgar," she said, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your Uncle William can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them to do it?"

"They would never get done," answered the boy, earnestly. "They would sit down and tell fish stories."

"Doctah," asked a lady of color, "Ah's come to see ef yo' am gwine order Rastus one o' dem mustard plasters ag'n today?"

"I think perhaps he had better have one more," answered the medico.

"Well, he says to ax yo' kin he have a slice o' ham wid it count of it's a mighty pow'ful perscription to take alone."

Asker: Why is a policeman like a broken chair?

Teller: Because both will pinch you if you don't park right!

During his visit to a village school a minister put this question to a class of little girls: "If all the good people were white and all the bad people were black what color would you be?"

Some answered "White" and others "Black." But little Mabel replied: "I guess I would be streaky."

Mr. Shybird had proposed to her. She had accepted him, and he said nervously, "I'd better pop the question to your father now."

"Don't be afraid of dad," said the girl encouragingly, "he always acts like a lamb."

Sometime later Mr. Shybird returned to his love.

"Well," she said sweetly, "wasn't I right about father?"

"You certainly were," said Mr. Shybird mournfully. "He acted like a lamb all right. Every time I opened my mouth he said 'Bah!'"

"What's happened, George?" she asked her husband, who had got out of the car to investigate.

"Puncture," he said briefly.

"You ought to have been on the lookout for this," was the helpful remark. "You remember the guide warned you there was a fork in the road."

Mother: "Jackie, Jackie, whatever are you doing to baby?"

Jackie (from the next room): "Auntie said he was a bouncing boy, but I've been trying, and he doesn't bounce very well."

"Does the giraffe get a sore throat if he gets wet feet?"

"Yes, but not until the next week."

Teacher: "Sambo, use the word deceitful in a sentence."

Sambo: "Papa and mamma and Liza and de twins and Uncle Moss took de roadster to town and dey had deceitful."

Professor: "Now, gentlemen, the gas in this cylinder is most deadly poisonous. Can you tell me what steps should be taken if it escaped?"

Student: "Yes, sir. Long ones."

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